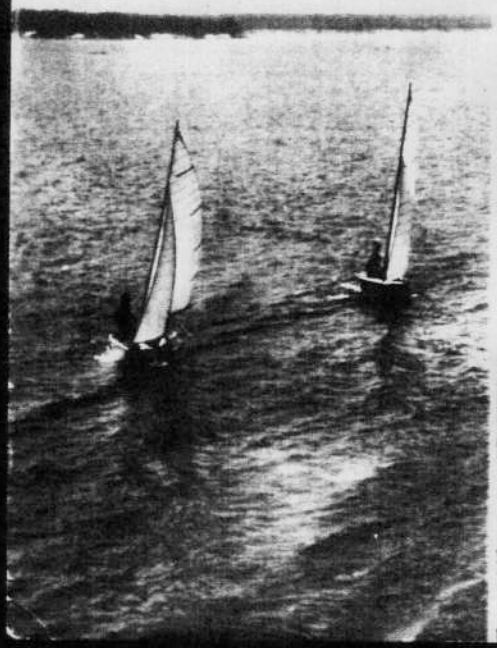
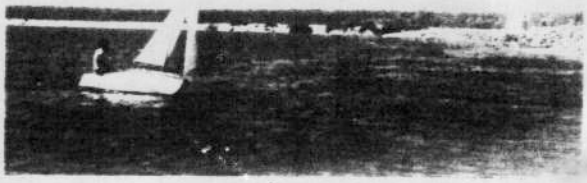
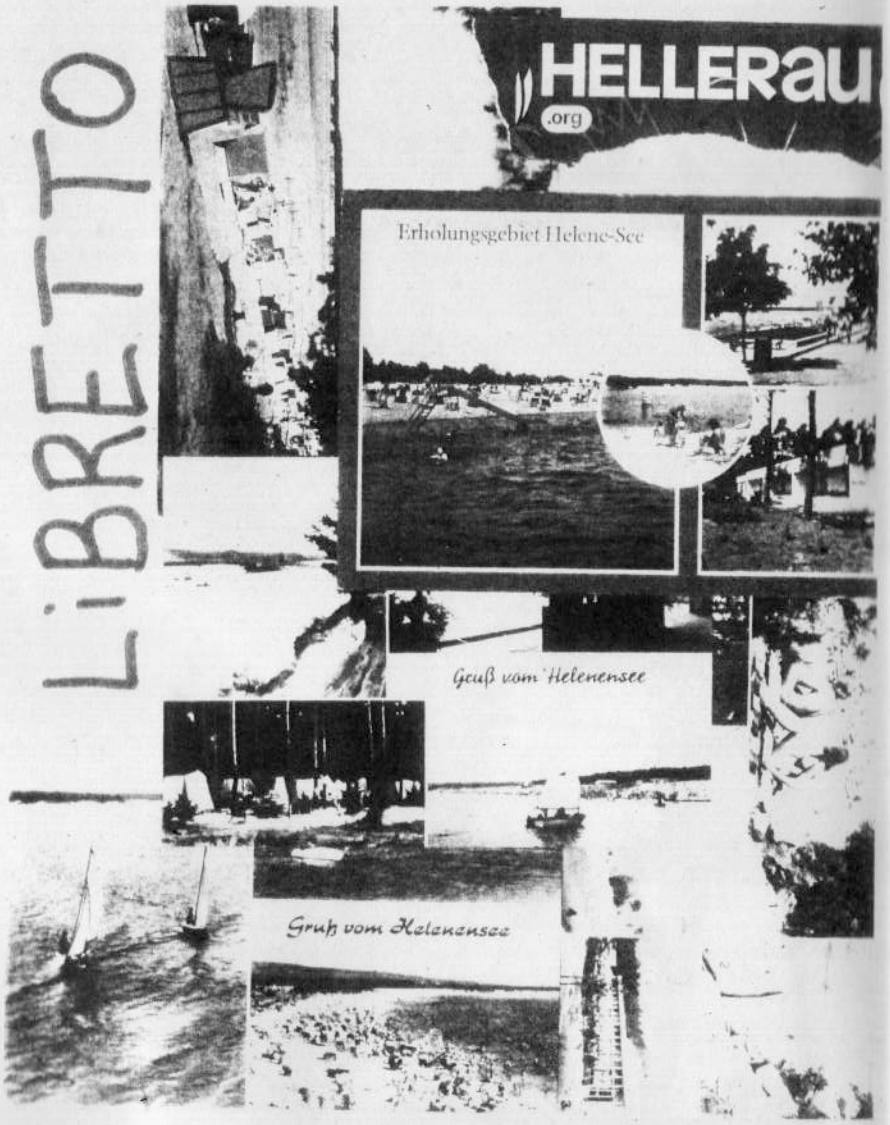




Gruß vom Helenensee

Gruß vom Helenensee



i have been collecting things here so i don't forget them.
sand and coal samples, good brandenburg coal, fine brandenburg sand.
here i have a diver's mask.
here is an exercise bike.
here is a child's toy, a yellow plastic shovel.
a paddle boat.
a trabant.

I dreamed we're on a water body's edge, a shoreline with trees, like our side of the Helene, past the fence.

My mom is there, my sisters, and my boss, who's a Leo.

We are all chatting, the sun is very bright, we are lying on a watermelon blanket.

My boss excuses herself and lies on her stomach to do some work on her phone.

My mom seems to think my boss is gone, and starts to ask me if there is "something between you two."

I'm embarrassed. My boss ignores us, she looks at something on her phone.

Objects float and fly around us in the air like slow-moving drones, like soap bubbles, like butterflies: I point to them, curious. Many of them are mechanized, folding and unfolding in the air.

There is a small chair streaming ribbons.

There is a hinged compact mirror.

There is a pocket knife.

Toys with movable limbs.

A yellow plastic bucket with a white handle.

Scissors.

Batman Electrik fixed/not fixed the radio.

1940
The mine work starts and keeps expanding from north to south.

1940 - 44
Excavation in phases moving towards the south. The subfields can not reach further. They go deep.

1959
The work becomes extremely difficult. The mine's depth makes storage complicated. Mining further is both risky and uneconomical.

1959
The mine is closed.

Almost 20 years of mining

1959
The pit starts to fill up by an underwater stream.

1960
The hole is placed under landscape protection with the aim of later utilizing it as a recreational area.

This year they cut the trees. They packed them up, hearts out one on top of the other next to the road.

We went back after the sun had set. Too few lights for the many bikes we were. In the intersection of the train and the bike road, the lights of a big truck hit the faces of a group of men. They chatted, one holding a glass bottle. Not a beer. They smiled as we passed. They looked at us smiling. A smile i though threatening. A smile i have seen in movies just before something awful happens. We pass, they smile. We continue. Nobody follows us.She too was worried the day we went to the lake as Vicuna's poet goes to the forest. She didn't want to go back without sunlight. I tried to delay our goodbye to the lake. The last summer day. I wanted to see the sunset.

Greetings from the Helenesee to everyone from Rainer

Dear Lotti, we've arrived at our second vacation quarters. The sun is good here too.

Warm greetings from our vacation to all of you in house number 125. The lake is amazing, though the weather has not been great. But we still swim every day. Our accommodations are top notch. They have everything but a TV.

Dear Mama
Sending you warm greetings from Frankfurt
Your children
You could come and see us on Sunday afternoon.
Bye, see you Sunday

It's Frank here, writing to you from the children's summer camp. I like it a lot here. I've been assigned the role of springer. That means I have a different group every day. Today I am on until 6:00. But that means I have all of tomorrow off. Say hi to your mother for me too.

This is a dramaturgy of sedimentation.

Part One.
We bike to the lake. Bruno is with us. We've packed lunch to eat at the beach. We go slow as Bruno can't bike as fast as us, the adults. We cross the forest, pines of the same age in rows. Rows perfectly spaced.

If you bike through the forest today, you'll see logs piled up. You'll see tree's hearts packed on top of each other.

i haven't counted the rings, but i suppose they're young.

The church bell sounds twice. It's half past four. A bug enters my ear.

Every time i long for the view of the lake.
Every time the Helene appears to me like a mirage in the desert: water, but is it really there?

We all wow at the sight of the lake. B wows, Lau wows, C wows, i wow.

We bike closer to the water and as we approach the coast, we notice there's a gathering of people. Unusual.

From above, next to the pines, a group of humans watches something down in the beach as one watches a car accident from behind a police tape. Who hit who?

We come closer to the group.
A black horse is struggling on the beach. Half of her body is under water, the upper half is being held by two humans in beach swimsuits.

They are holding her head out of the water. Is one of them naked?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

A mine worker

Someone in a Santa Claus costume and a diving suit, dragging a Christmas tree

A champion swimmer who came to Brandenburg as a refugee and is learning to be a lifeguard

The horse whose legs get stuck in the lake floor up to the knees

We on the beach at sunset

The Landesamt für Bergbau, Geologie und Rohstoffe

The sinking lake

Rainer (Raini) the beach bar owner

A teenager working at a summer camp who sends a postcard to his crush, 1983

A fish going down the mine's shaft

i dreamed of

going to the

lake as

Vicuña's
poet

goes to
the forest

We are at a lake. Not our lake, but Dresden's lake.

A couple plays dice some meters above our heads. They throw, count and write the number on a small notebook. Black cap, blue glasses. The sound of the dice being shaken by a human hand. They speak to each other in english. A flamingo light blue bathing suit, boxer style. Light white jeans, cut to up his knees, the zipper is down. A bathing suit underneath. A golden watch on the right wrist.

Resting somewhere to our left, a woman with a tigger pattern long swimsuit. She's made a pillow out of her purse. She's kept her wedding ring on. She has scarce blond, almost white, hair. Her eyebrows are perfectly shaped, a crescent moon above her closed eyelids.

Trees' shadows, straight lines crossing the grass, patches of canopies.

A kid with pink google crosses us, running towards the water. She's whispering something to herself with strong conviction.

Two other adults eat chips. They chat. Crunch Crunch. Chat. Crunch.

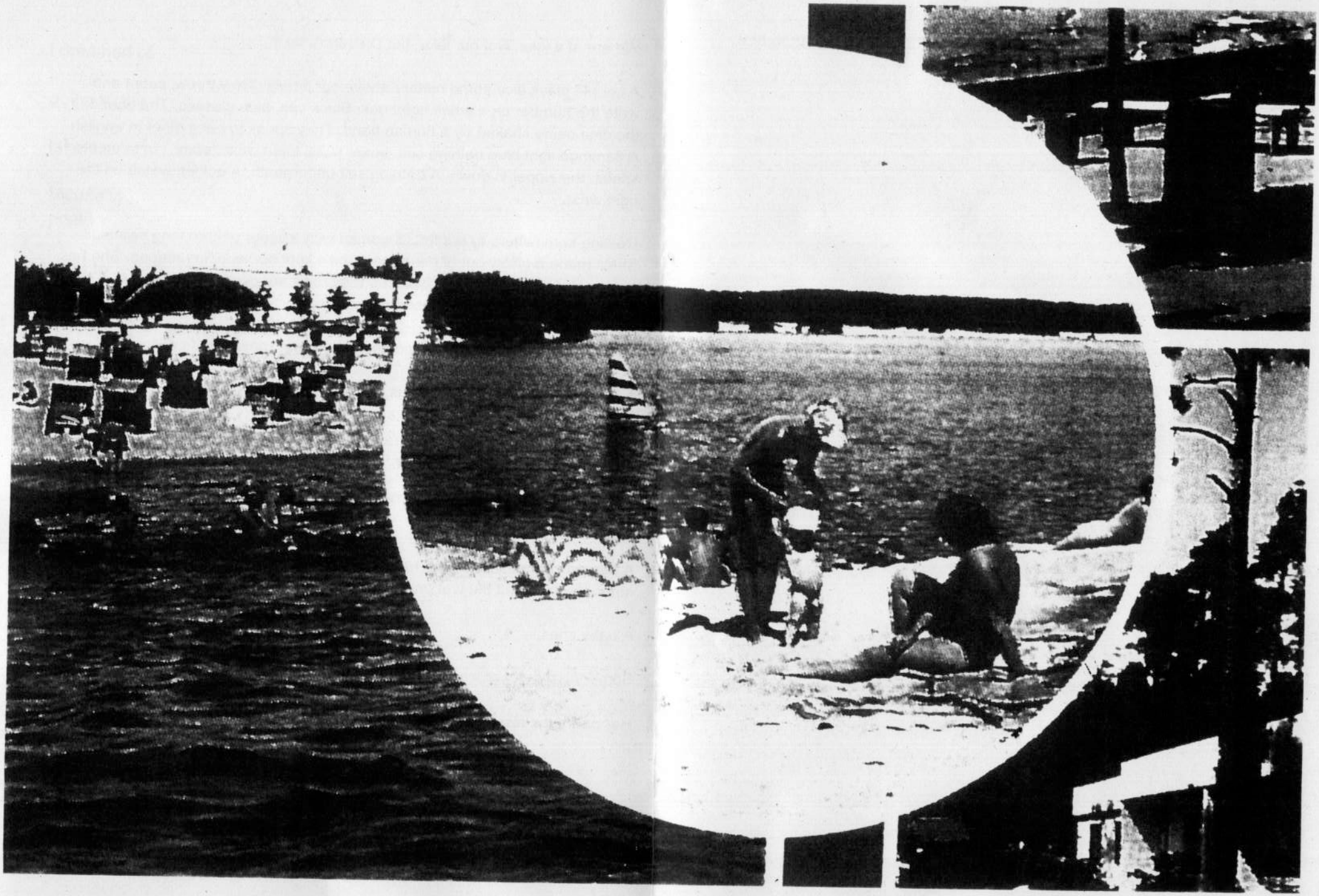
A couple looks at a red phone. They show each other a photo, a message, a bill?

A person changes. With one hand she holds a towel around her hips, with the other she takes off the wet briefs.

A baby cries,

Someone plays with an inflatable ball.

Her partner is also changing. Picking up their stuff. They go holding hands.



Floating

Intoxicated by a plant

SETTING

A forest of trees that are all the same age

Underwater terraces

A long mineshaft
with fish inside

A fence around a beach

The surface of a clear lake
reflecting the sun

Part Two.

They must have watched the horse struggling to get out of the water, trapped in the sandy beach and ran to help. They hold her head out for her not to drown. The end of her black legs deep down in the sand. She's stuck from her knees down. She might be even sinking further, the sand beginning to surround her upper thighs. The water barely moves, patiently waiting? A woman dressed in a black horseback riding uniform, the human partner of the horse trapped in the lake's shifting sand, watches the whole sitting on the little hill between the lake's beach and the pine forest. She is crying, her riding helmet still on. A helicopter hovers.

A firefighters truck with a crane arrives. They surround the horse's belly with a light gray thick belt. Her legs tense. She struggles, lifts her head painfully. One of the bathing suit holders comforts her by caressing her neck. She's tired, she sighs.

The woman in the riding uniform grabs her head in despair.

The firefighters truck starts its engine, the crane slowly delicately pulls. They're trying to pull her out of the water.

From the water, someone screams. The engine is turned off.

Later on, we conclude that by pulling her out with the crane they risk breaking her legs, if they weren't broken already.

They try again. The engine starts, the crane pulls. She moans. No luck.

The vet arrives, or she was already there.

I remember her suitcase, or is that my mind filling in the gaps... I remember a set of old big metal syringes but there's no way i could have seen this, we were already gone when the decision was made. We kept driving our bikes to a beach further away. Not wanting to see the end. Not wanting B to see the end.

A second woman with the same riding horse uniform as the first enters the frame of my memory. She's riding another younger black silky horse. She dangerously approaches the water. No. She knows better, she must know better.

If you believe in prophecy, if you believe in manifest destiny, if you believe in the promised land, if you believe in the messiah, if you believe in the apocalypse, if you believe in fate, then the future is frozen and the past can change. The past becomes material for you to interpret and rearrange to fit the future that you believe is coming no matter what. A plague confirms your superiority. A bloody victory confirms you are holy.

Before the mine, we don't have anything.

The garden is full of old stumps like monuments to a history of wars people have waged on the tree nation. You told me about the sacred walnuts, cut down to cut off people from the land. I thought of Palestine's sacred olive trees under attack.

Uprooting trees and uprooting people is the same deadly act.

It is not possible to grow the same forest twice.

In Brandenburg trees were cut wholesale and sent to the USSR as reparations; they had to shoulder the guilt.

The trees we pass through when biking to the lake are all the same age. Such trees die, not least for lack of elders.

people dig it out, people decided it should be a lake, people had a war, people cut trees for the russians, people replanted the forest

But

They have their say

An aquarium in a hotel lobby bursts

Many fish die

1960 - 1970
It takes the stream ten years to fill up the mining pit. The banks are flattened using bulldozers: a recreational beachy surface for the humans to enjoy the lake.

1970
Solely due to the groundwater's own rise,
without external flooding as other artificial lakes in Germany,
feed exclusively by ground water,
the lake reaches ground level.

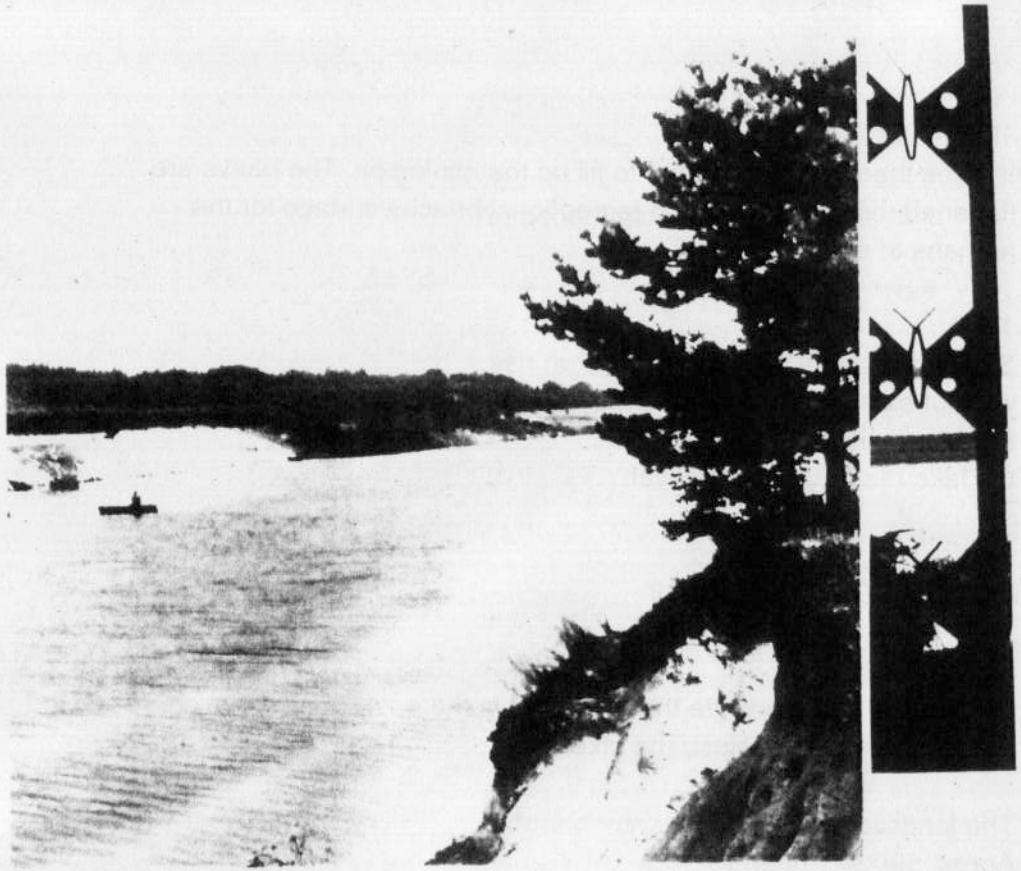
POSTCARDS 83' 86' 87' 89'

March 2021
Notification of a landslide that occurred in the eastern northern shore forces authorities to close the lake.

The landslide is below the water surface.
Aprox. 500 sq. meters

2021- 2024
They drill three new holes to measure the underwater geological movements
Collection of data from the *see*'s underwater floor.

2027
...



In suburban pools I was a mermaid or a dolphin. I mimicked the cartoon undulations from animated mermaid films. The pleasure was measured by how close I felt to the cartoons replaying in my head.

In the ocean there was never so much space or time to imagine myself. In the ocean I was always in a conversation right away.

The top layer of the water is warmed by the sun and the next layer takes some warmth from above and some chill from below, and then there's the lowest, coldest layer of water, then the sandy silty bottom, and then you come to my door.

Welcome to our open sharing
Hellerau 2024

This is a listening session

Sound sometimes may be accompanied by visuals but you may lay down and sleep

There's tea with herbs for you

This is our *libreto*

You may contribute to our soundtrack,
Whisper to the temporary partner sitting by your side,
read it out loud so we can all hear
read it in your mind